



# POEMS

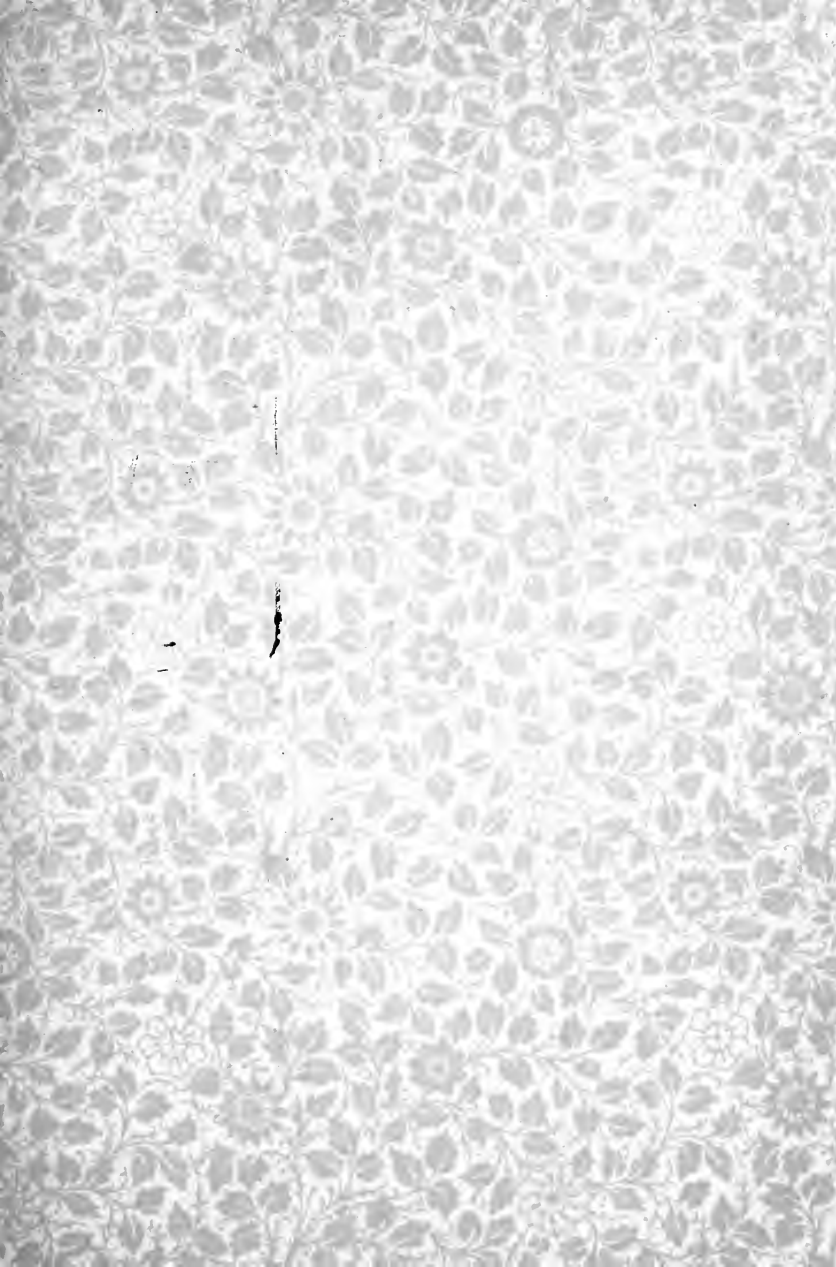
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# POEMS

OF

MRS. JANE E. D. CONKLIN.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel above the crowd ;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

—TENNYSON.

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## POEMS.

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### ONCE UPON A TIME.

“ONCE upon a time ;” what magic  
In that little sentence dwells,  
What sweet memories of childhood  
Like forgotten music swells.

How the weary heart turns backward  
To those happy days of yore,  
When we listened to the stories  
Of old legendary lore.

Listened to the weird recital,  
Till, amid the coming gloom,  
We could fancy there were fairies  
Flitting through the shadowed room.

How, in early summer mornings,  
We went softly out to peep  
In the chalice of the lily,  
Where they said the fairies sleep.

But we never found the places  
Where they hid, those laughing fays;  
Yet they linger with the flowers,  
Like the memory of those days.

There is not a pulse but quickens,  
As the past comes back again ;  
Tones, and looks, and loving voices  
Echoing the sweet refrain.

Oh, what volumes of deep feeling  
Vibrate to the waking chime,  
Calling up the sweet remembrance  
Of that once upon a time.





## DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

DOWN from the cloud-capped mountain, down,  
By the winding foot-path into the town.

Down through the woodland, cool and sweet,  
With the slippery pine leaves beneath the feet.

Down by the quarry's shelving ledge,  
Where gentian and peppermint fringe the edge.

Down through the meadows, shining bright  
With the dew-drop tears of the gloomy night.



Down through the fields where the waving corn  
Glints in the light of the early morn.

Down through the groves where the whispering  
    breeze  
Tells its love-tale to the answering trees.

Over the plank that bridges the brook,  
Where urchins are angling with pin for a hook.

Down past that silent town where, you know,  
“The houses are all alike in a row.”

Down where the orchard's bending boughs  
Droop to the reach of the dappled cows.

And so by the foot-path winding down,  
The traveler comes to the bustling town.

The town with its pavements' burning glow,  
Where so little is real, and so much is show.

The town where the only birds that sing,  
Are those that never have freedom of wing.

The town where the rich, if not happy, are gay,  
And the poor toil on in their plodding way.

Where the poet dreams within attic bounds,  
And heaps up words into shapely mounds.

Where the painter pictures, in colors bright,  
The scenes that never have greeted his sight.

Where the bride, as she turns from the sacred fane,  
Meets at the door a funeral train.

Where riches and squalor alike abide,  
And but few may walk the patrician side.

The busy town where the buzz of mill  
And the hum of steam are never still.

Where the streets are filled with a merry throng,  
And the air is astir with music and song.

And so, from the heaven-kissed mountain down,  
The traveler passed through the dusty town ;—

The town with its sights, its clatter and heat,  
Its palace-like mansions, its home-lawns neat.

He thought of the hillside's daisied bloom,  
The clover and sweet-brier's wild perfume.

These he matched with the town's unsavory  
smells,

The mountain's springs, with its covered wells.

And of noisy town, or country's rest,  
The traveler pondered which was best.



## CENTENNIAL.

O hill-encircled Binghamton !  
A hundred years ago,  
Few of thy house-tops, domes, and spires  
Gave back the sunset's glow.

Frail were the bridges then that spanned  
Thy rivers, deep and wide ;  
Thy steamer was a birch canoe,  
On Susquehanna's tide.

The water-mains were tinkling rills,  
That trickled down the rocks ;  
The treasures of thy gas-works then  
Lay hid in sable blocks.

No rattling train on iron rail  
The solemn stillness broke;  
No screaming locomotive's shriek  
Chenango's echoes woke.

Not then upon the fragrant air  
Rang out the Sabbath bell,  
Nor from the distant hills returned  
The faintly answering swell.

No "Shepherd's House" invitingly,  
With wide-spread, open door,  
Stood ready to receive the sick,  
The suffering and poor.

No sheltering "Home" had then been  
reared,  
The orphan's head to shield,  
Our nation's legacy, bequeathed  
On many a battle-field.

Not then did telegraphic lines  
Run thread-like through the tangled vines  
That wreathed round elm and oak ;  
Then, for the hum and busy strife  
That now makes up thy daily life,  
The wigwam's curling smoke.

And red-browed hunters chased the deer,  
Or sought the fish in waters clear,  
And dark-haired maidens sang  
Their low-toned love songs soft and sweet,  
Just where these shining rivers meet,  
And thou, fair city ! sprang.

While to thy beauty, year by year,  
Thy sons have added worth,  
Until thy name has come to be  
A proverb on the earth.

O Binghamton ! the beautiful,  
In centuries to come,  
When other tongues shall sing thy praise,  
Our lovely valley home—

Let not thy mother-heart forget  
The firstlings of thy nest,  
But shrine their names in memory,  
Their ashes in thy dust.





## SUNNY SIDE.

'TIS beautiful on "Sunny Side"  
When first the day is dawning,  
And myriads of tuneful birds  
Bid welcome to the morning.

When just above the eastern hills,  
The golden sunshine streaming,  
Awakens on Chenango's breast  
The ripples from their dreaming.

'Tis brightest when the sun has kissed  
The dew-drops from the flowers,  
And in resplendent glory shines  
The glowing noonday hours.



And fair it is at day's decline,  
    When kine are homeward wending,  
And purple, gold, and crimson clouds  
    Their hues with sunset blending.

And fine it is when night has wrapped  
    The silent hills in shadow,  
To watch the city lights come out,  
    Like fire-flies o'er a meadow.

'Tis weird to see, at midnight hour,  
    Far up Mount Prospect creeping,  
The phantom forms of warrior chiefs,  
    Their silent watch-fires keeping.

Until from out the neighboring barns,  
    Some crowing notes of warning,  
Send back the red men to their graves,  
    As breaks another morning.



## LONG AGO.

WE live but in the past;  
The happy long ago,  
When hearts were light, and hopes were  
bright,  
Undimmed by coming woe.

The present has no joys,  
No pleasures, no sweet flowers,  
Of fragrant air, or bloom as fair,  
As those of by-gone hours.

The future cannot paint  
Friendships with half the glow  
Of those that dwell in memory's cell,  
The loved of long ago.

The present is too near,  
For us to know its bliss ;  
The "yet to come," oh ! who can sum  
The mystery of this?

We live but in the past ;  
What happiness we know,  
Is treasured there, with miser's care,  
The blessed long ago.





## LINES.

WHERE art thou now? morn's rosy beams  
Call mortals from the world of dreams;  
And shining dew-drops deck the lea—  
Say, art thou thinking now of me?

Where art thou now? noon's sultry glow  
Has hushed all hum of life below,  
Save the soft murmur of the bee;  
And art thou thinking now of me?

Where art thou now? the stars are set  
In evening's sable coronet;  
Night deepens over land and sea;  
Tell me, art thinking now of me?

Where art thou now? the midnight hour  
Comes softly with its mystic power.  
I wake, dear one, to think of thee ;  
O, art thou thinking now of me?





## SONG.

PALE stars are gleaming, love,  
Soft winds are sighing,  
Sweet music afar, love,  
In echo is dying.

Twilight is deep'ning, love,  
On the blue river,  
In the light zephyrs, love,  
Aspen leaves quiver.

On the smooth lakelet, love,  
Silver beams slumber ;  
And in its clear depths, love ;  
The white pebbles number.

Still I am waiting, love,  
Wearying never ;  
Through the dim shadows, love,  
Seeking thee ever.





## ROBERT BURNS.

ONCE more we meet to honor him  
Whom men will ne'er forget ;  
The songs he sang by Ayr and Doon,  
Are echoing there yet ;

The daisies bloom as when his plow  
Upturned the "bonnie gem,"  
The mouse still builds its "silly walls"  
Beside the barley's stem.

And even yet o'er gauze and lace  
The "crowlin ferlies" creep,  
And on occasions often serve  
His memory to keep.



And Bruar water still laments  
Her lack of bloom and shade,  
The spreading thorn, and fragrant birk,  
For which she humbly prayed.

He lives in every flower that blows  
Beneath the Scottish sky;  
We hear him 'mong the "barley rigs"  
And "coming through the rye."

The "skimming swallows" swiftly fly  
O'er ripening fields, á when,  
With Peggy on that summer's eve,  
He viewed the charming scene.

He taught that rank is but the stamp,  
And man the gold's true worth;  
And many a home is better for  
His lowly Cotter's hearth.

Kirk Alloway's old ruined walls  
His deathless name enshrine,  
The very "Brigs of Ayr" recall  
The bard of "Auld Lang Syne."

As long as Scottish tongues shall sing,  
Or Scottish poets dream,  
The name of Robert Burns will be  
The all-inspiring theme.





## BURNS.

MY friends, we've come, since Matthew calls,  
To keep once more in Matthew's halls  
The memory of Burns.

Bard of the heart, than his, what name  
Has lived so lovingly in fame  
A hundred years and more.

Is there a soul, or high or low,  
That thrills not with a warmer glow  
At mention of his rhymes?

Who has not let the starting tear  
Unheeded fall in record dear  
Of his fair Highland Mary?

What "brother of the mystic tie"  
Recalls but with a "brimful eye"  
That mason's last request?

And where is there poetic sage  
Speaks with such pathos as the page  
Lamenting Earl Glencairn?

And who of any clime or name,  
Did ever such petitions frame,  
As his faith-speaking prayers?

Such love he for Auld Scotland bare,  
The rough burr-thistle he would spare,  
The nation's symbol dear.

His tender heart could even mourn  
The cruel plowshare that had shorn  
And ruined mouse and daisy.

Who that has felt the torturing twang,  
But echoes all that Robbie sang  
About the toothache?

Who could like him find fitting phrase  
To speak that "pudding-chieftain's" praise  
The rich, warm Haggis?

And where the wit so bright, so keen,  
To mark so piercingly between  
Worth and hypocrisy?

Bright in the record-book of fame  
There shines full many an honored name,  
To memory most dear.

But loved in palace, cot, and hall,  
One bears the gree aboon them all,  
The name of Robert Burns.



## THE BIRTHDAY OF BURNS.

THE north winds from the hills swept down,  
As in the dark we struggled on,  
Through the bleak streets of Binghamton,  
Toward the lighted hall.

Where met a merry social throng,  
To read, to speak, to sing a song,  
Of him the honored bard who long  
Shall be remembered.

We sang again of bonnie Doon,  
And heard Bruar water's mournful croon,  
Whose channel the fierce heat of noon  
Was "scorching up so shallow."

With Tam O'Shanter, on a night,  
We left the landlord's presence bright,  
For Alloway's uncanny light,  
And dance of witches.

We spake about his Cotter's hearth,  
His grief when that bit mound of earth,  
Was by the plowshare made no worth,  
Poor mousie's dwelling.

We sang Auld Scotia's woes and wars,  
Of Camerons brave, of Douglas' scars,  
Wallace and Bruce, who shine as stars  
In Scottish story.

The feast was spread with generous cheer,  
No tempting viand but was there,  
Crowned with that dish to Scotchmen dear,  
A noble Haggis.

And when the keystone hour had rung,  
With one voice "Auld Lang Syne" we sung,  
Until the very rafters swung  
    In lilting chorus.

Spirit of Burns! if aught can cheer  
The gloom that broods above thy bier,  
The fealty that 's paid thee here,  
    Must make thee blest.







## ALONE.

I AM sitting alone in the twilight,  
And watching the shadows gray,  
That are creeping over the tree-tops,  
And chasing the light away.

While the dear ones fondly remembered,  
Gather around in the gloom,  
And memory's beautiful pictures  
Are filling my little room.

I am listening again to the voices  
That charmed me in days of yore ;  
"The shadow goes back on the dial,"  
And I am a child once more.

And I stand in the dear old home again,  
With a loving hand in mine,  
Where the crimson roses are blending  
Their bloom with the fragrant vine.

Once more—but the vision has faded,  
Those voices are hushed in the tomb;  
Dear forms and loved faces have vanished,  
Alone, alone in the gloom.





## WATCHING.

THE wintry sun has set, love,  
    Behind the western hills,  
The frost-king's icy fingers  
    Have chained the dancing rills,  
The stars are coming out to hold  
    Their silent jubilee,  
And in the gathering twilight  
    I'm watching, love, for thee.

The moonbeams through the pines, love,  
    In silvery arrows fall,  
The night wind stirs the woodbine  
    That still clings to the wall ;

In vain beside the old white gate  
I seek thy face to see,  
And while the shadows deepen round,  
I'm watching, love, for thee.

The old clock still ticks on, love,  
Marking time's silent flight,  
Its slow and measured beating  
Mocks my unrest to-night ;  
I cannot read, my favorite book  
Has now no charm for me,  
My work-box lies unopened still,—  
I'm watching, love, for thee.





## THE OLD GATE.

THE harvest moonbeams glimmer down  
Through maple, ash, and pine,  
And the dark myrtle's glossy leaves  
Beneath its cold rays shine.

The weeping-willow's bending boughs  
Wave in its silvery light,  
But brighter than on aught it glows  
On the old gate to-night.

What greetings gay, what parting words,—  
Fond words remembered well,—  
What whispered vows, and soft replies,  
Might not that old gate tell.

Once thence passed out a funeral train,  
In all its sad array,—  
'Twas my first grief, the first dark cloud  
That crossed my life's glad way.

Dear blessed one, whose spirit pure  
Among the stars of even,  
Still watches o'er my earthly way,  
From her bright home in heaven.

Oft have I stood beside that gate  
With dear friends by my side,—  
Friends scattered like the autumn leaves  
The winds have swept aside.

Yet still in some glad future hour,  
With patient hope I wait,  
To see them face to face within  
The golden city's gate.



## IN MEMORIAM.

MISS REBECCA R. DICKENS. DIED, JANUARY, 1864.

THE weary day at last is done,  
And now amid the gloom  
And shadows of this place of rest,  
A pilgrim wayworn and oppressed,  
Seeks here a narrow room.

It was a morn in summer time  
When she set out. The sun  
Sent forth his arrowy beams of light,  
To tell the flowers that the night  
Was gone, and day begun.

The murmur of the rippling stream  
Fell softly on her ear,

Like some sweet melody of old,  
Some story which, though often told,  
Becomes each time more dear.

And as she journeyed on, dear friends  
Came round her one by one,  
And love and friendship whiled away  
The hours of that summer's day,  
Until she reached life's noon.

That noonday sun had parched the flowers  
That made her pathway bright,  
And as the lengthening shadows grew,  
Friends passed away, not one she knew  
Had journeyed on till night.

Some sought a nearer way to reach  
The city's golden gate,  
Some laid them down beneath the trees  
That quivered in each passing breeze,  
The coming eve to wait.



Some, turning back their weary gaze,  
Grieved for the morning hours,  
That were unheeded flung aside,  
Borne onward by time's rapid tide,  
With all life's fairest flowers.

She comes alone, no mourner's tear  
Falls her low bed above,  
None weep for her who wept for all,  
Whose heart responded to each call,  
For sympathy and love.

She scattered flowers on every grave,  
None bloom above her own.  
What matters it—since she has won,  
For all eternity, a crown—  
That she comes here alone.



## FOUR YEARS AGO TO- DAY.

1864.

THE year was dying, one by one  
The dead leaves dropped away,  
And floated sadly to their graves,  
Four years ago to-day.  
Behind the gold-edged, purple clouds  
The autumn sun went down,  
And in its soft reflected light  
The broad blue river shone.

As on that river's grassy bank  
The twilight gathered fast,  
They pause, that little group, to take  
One lingering look—the last,

For never when the crimson leaves  
Are falling in the glen,  
Will they beside that river watch  
The sunset fade again.

One, sees far brighter sunsets glow  
On fair Italian shores,  
One, slumbers in a dreamless sleep  
Where proud Niagara roars ;  
And one, a pale young widow now,  
Oft strays beside the stream ;  
Where, just four years ago to-day,  
Began her life's brief dream.

One, fills a soldier's honored grave  
Beneath Virginia's sod,  
Above him waves the dear old flag,  
For which he shed his blood.  
One, where the lurid camp fires burn,  
Paces his lonely way,  
Beyond the Mississippi's wave,  
On picket guard to-day.

One, watches still the fading light  
Pale in the purple west,  
When gold and crimson autumn leaves  
Float softly to their rest ;  
Until they meet by fairer streams,  
Once more, that little band,  
Where shining waves gleam in the light  
Of yonder better land.





## AFTER MANY DAYS.

IN FOREST HILL CEMETERY, UTICA.

I CAME once more to my native town,  
And I traversed the well-known street,  
And I marked how the pavement was scarred and  
worn

With the treading of many feet.

I marveled much at the spreading trees  
That lined the beautiful way,  
For I saw my father set them out,  
And it seemed but the other day.

I came again to the low-roofed cot  
Where once was Miss Dickens' school,  
Ah ! the daisies have bloomed these seven years  
Over her who there held rule.

As I lingered, the little room seemed filled  
With the faces and forms of yore,  
And I almost heard the busy hum  
As of old through the open door.

And then I came to the dear old church,  
Where I used in my early days  
To hear of the beauty of holiness,  
And the peace of wisdom's ways.

But the white-robed priest in the chancel fair,  
Was not the loved rector of old,  
And strangers were in the well-known pews,  
And their voices were harsh and cold.

And then I came to the sacred spot  
Where my own happy home had been—  
Oh! words cannot picture the feelings that rushed  
On the flood-tide of memory then.

I paused in my way, and gazed up through my tears  
At those few tall old forest trees ;  
Of all the bright things of my beautiful home,  
There only remained to me these.

And next I came to that silent town  
Which lies just over the hill,  
Where we carry our loved ones to lay them at rest,  
When the brain and the fingers are still.

Ah ! here were my friends, so said many a stone,  
The teacher with most of her class,  
And the rector I'd missed in yon little brown  
church,  
All slumbering under the grass.

And here rests my own blessed mother, the clasp  
That held the charmed circle of home,  
Asleep in the Lord, in His likeness to rise,  
When CHRIST in His kingdom shall come.

The old doctor is here, and the deacon close by,  
And the young girl who sang in the choir,  
And the soldier who perished amid the dark waves,  
In sight of the enemy's fire.

Oh! the sadness and pain overbalance the joy,  
When we come after many days,  
To miss the loved faces and wander alone  
In the dear—the familiar old ways.







## IN MEMORIAM.

REV. CHARLES H. PLATT. DIED 1869.

How shall we tread again those sacred courts  
Where echo still his words ; and he not there  
To sing with us the songs of praise he loved,  
Or join his voice with ours in common prayer?

How shall we kneel beside the chancel rail,  
A mournful weeping, sorely stricken band,  
Knowing that never more shall we again  
Receive the bread of life from that dear hand?

Who now shall pour the bright baptismal drops,  
With faithful prayer, upon our children's brows?  
And who for them shall clasp the marriage band,  
Or bless with holy words the plighted vows?

Ah! who like him can comfort those who mourn,  
Or speak sweet words of peace to souls distressed?  
Who kneel beside the Christian's dying bed,  
Or point the weary to a place of rest?

And he, for whom our earnest prayers went up  
From the home altar daily morn and night,  
That blessings with the sunshine and the dew  
Might ever make our Pastor's pathway bright.

Needs then no more the sunshine and the dew,  
Alike unheeded gem his lowly bed,

Unfinished.





# GLENWOOD CEMETERY.

BINGHAMTON.

SWEET be their slumber, calm their sleep,  
Who lie within this shade,  
Where for the weary ones of earth  
A resting-place is made.

Here shall the earliest buds of spring  
First waken into bloom,  
To typify the life that yet  
Shall blossom from the tomb.

Here age, and youth, and manhood's prime,  
Alike shall find repose,  
Unharm'd by summer's burning heat,  
Unchilled by winter's snows.

Beneath this daisy-sprinkled sod,  
The infant form shall rest  
As safely as if pillowed on  
The tender mother's breast.

Here shall the war-worn soldier sleep,  
Forgetful of his wounds,  
Where viewless sentinels are set  
To guard these hallowed grounds.

Here shall no evil spirits come,  
No formless phantom dread,  
But only star-crowned angels keep  
Their vigils o'er our dead.

Here, when the bugle sounds retreat,  
From toil and care set free,  
We'll leave our loved ones to await  
The final reveille.



## MEMORIAL DAY.

WE gather once more around the graves  
Of comrades who fell at our side;  
Comrades who loved the dear old flag,  
And for that dear flag they died.

These are they, who left home and loved ones,  
With all that those precious words hold,  
For the terrors of war, and those prisons,  
Whose horrors can never be told.

They have camped with us many a night,  
They have marched with us many a day—  
Been with us on guard, in tent, and field,  
And many a bloody fray.

As green as the grass is above them,  
    So green shall their memory be ;  
As long shall they live in story,  
    As rivers run to the sea.

We deck their low beds with fair flowers,  
    The types of our dead comrades' lives ;  
The dew-drops that nourished these blossoms,  
    Are tears of their orphans and wives.

We mourn for the hearts that are silent,  
    We mourn that their blood had need flow ;  
But we glory that though they are fallen,  
    They fell with the face to the foe.

Sleep on in your honored graves, comrades,  
    The flag that you perished to free,  
Shall guard, through the storm and the sun-  
    shine,  
Your rest till the last reveille.



## THE DEATH OF LEDA.

HER little crib is vacant,  
Her little voice is hushed,  
They've laid thy darling Leda  
Down in the silent dust.

An unseen hand has beckoned  
Thy little one away ;  
A band of angels led her  
To realms of endless day.

No sunshine there is needed,  
For all is glorious light,  
In that far world where flowers  
Bloom ever fair and bright.

O mourn not for thy darling,  
Though in the tomb she sleep,  
For o'er her holy angels  
Their constant vigils keep.







## ANOTHER GRAVE.

THERE'S another grave in the lone church-yard,  
And the chilling autumn rain  
Falls coldly over the pulseless heart  
That will never more know pain.

And the dreary November day has closed  
In another darkened home,  
Whose hope and joy and light are quenched  
In the midnight of the tomb.

And the hopes of years were crushed when to-day  
The sleeper in yonder row,  
Came where the houses are all alike,  
The houses of high and low.

And a grave was made in a stricken heart  
When they bore the lifeless clay  
Out through the cheerless November rain,  
From the house across the way.





## T O D. M.

ARE you still in this wearisome world, cousin,  
Or have crossed to the shining shore,  
And singing the songs of the angels  
With those whom you loved of yore?

Have you clasped on the other side the hands  
Of father, of mother, of wife,  
Of kindred, of neighbors, and children,  
Whose love was the sunshine of life?

Have you found the rest that remaineth,  
The peace that no mortal may know?  
Have you tasted the living waters  
Of streams that in Paradise flow?

Or still are you watching and waiting,  
'Till the golden gates shall unfold,  
And you enter through death's dark portals  
On joys that no tongue has told ?

Oh ! cousin dear, send me some message,  
By mortal or "medium" hand,  
Tell me, have you crossed the dark river,  
Or linger still on the strand ?





## I DREAMED THAT IT WAS SUMMER TIME.

I DREAMED that it was summer time,  
And you and I together  
Had wandered down a country lane,  
In June's unrivalled weather.

And now and then we lingered where  
The grass and ferns grew brightest,  
Or strayed within the meadow's bounds  
Where clover blooms were whitest.

And when on sunny slopes we found  
The fragrant pink May-flower,  
You twined its blossoms in my hair,  
To grace the passing hour.

And then you whispered in my ear  
Soft words of such sweet meaning,  
As stirred my heart to quicker throbs,  
That woke me from my dreaming.





## THE MORNING SUN.

'TIS morn, the cock's shrill voice is heard,  
The sunshine gilds each spire,  
The burnished emblem on yon dome  
Looks like a cross of fire.

Through crimson folds the softened light  
On the rich carpet falls,  
And lovingly it lingers round  
The pictures on the walls.

It shines through the uncurtained pane  
Upon the poor man's floor,  
And dances merrily about  
The humble cottage door

To happy homes and joyous hearts  
The golden sunbeams come,  
And through the prisoner's window streams  
To cheer his narrow room.

To the wan invalid's pale lips,  
Its presence brings a smile,  
And even makes the mourner's heart  
Forget its griefs awhile.

Praise to the great All Father's care,  
Who makes the glad sun rise  
Upon the evil and the good,  
The simple and the wise.





## A DAY'S RECORD.

THE latest gleam of purple light  
Upon the hills has died away,  
And with that fading glow has gone  
The record of a day.

How often through this day has he  
Whose pen records good actions done,  
Borne tidings of some pious deed  
Up to the great white Throne?

And in that other book, just closed,  
As daylight darkens into gloom,  
What countless sins are written down  
To wait the day of doom?

What misspent time, what idle words,  
What want of charity is there,  
How oft the thoughts were wand'ring while  
The lips breathed words of prayer.

The firm resolve so soon forgot,  
The broken vow recalled with shame,  
Just when we thought ourselves most strong  
Temptation overcame.

How careless words have grieved the heart  
We would have died to shield from pain,  
How sins that easily beset,  
Have triumphed once again.

O, who unfalt'ringly may read  
The fearful record of a day,  
Where no repenting tears have washed  
A single line away?



## THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

ONCE more the chiming church bells tell  
Of one blest day in seven,  
And bid us leave the world's fierce strife,  
Forget our weary path of life,  
And think awhile of heaven.

Once more the Temple's hallowed courts  
Are thronged with eager feet,  
Once more its sleeping echoes wake,  
While holy prayers the silence break,  
Where Christian brethren meet.

The sorrow-laden soul finds here  
A balm for all its woes,

And here repenting sinners bend,  
And to the contrite sinner's Friend  
Their every grief disclose.

Here, too, the joyous hearts whose cup  
With blessings runneth o'er,  
Find fitting words to speak His praise  
Whose loving hand has crowned their days,  
Whose angels guard their door.

O Thou by whom these precious hours  
For holy rest are given,  
Grant us to offer in this place,  
Such worship that each day of grace  
May bring us nearer heaven !



## THE CHURCH IN THE FOREST.

It was an humble house of prayer  
Among the forest trees,  
The only sound that stirred the air  
The rustling leaves that whispered there,  
And quivered in the breeze.

No pealing organ's swelling note,  
No marble font was there,  
No painted window veiled the light,  
No costly carpet met the sight,  
No carving quaint and rare.

Beside the rude uncushioned desk  
The aged pastor waits,

Whose silvered hair and dimming eye  
Tell that his steps are drawing nigh  
The golden city's gates.

He prayed the same dear prayers the Church  
For centuries has prayed.  
Anthem, and chant, and hymn were sung,  
While through the woods the echoes rung,  
And sacred creed was said.

And then he told in simple words  
The story of the Cross,  
And of His love who for our sake  
A lowly place on earth could take,  
Despising shame and loss.

No studied rhetoric was his,  
No speech well framed with art,  
And yet his words were eloquent,  
And zeal a holy fervor lent,  
That touched each listening heart.



## AFTER SERVICE.

THE words of blessing die away  
In transept, nave, and aisle,  
And one by one the worshipers  
Have left the sacred pile.

And all is shadowed now in gloom,  
Save where in silvery ray,  
The moonbeams through some broken arch  
Or painted window stray.

Yet comes no silence in this place,  
For all the hallowed air  
Is fragrant with the incense-breath  
Of many an earnest prayer.

And still around the ancient font  
Lingers the solemn vow,  
Was registered when those bright drops  
Fell on each infant brow.

Here echo still the holy words  
Of that thrice blessed hymn,  
Where, in the church on earth, they sang  
The song of Seraphim.

Anthem, and chant, and sacred creed,  
And prayer, and psalm divine,  
Here mingle in one ceaseless strain  
Before the altar's shrine.







## MARCH.

AGAIN, rude March, thy hoarse, wild voice  
    Roars through the forest bleak ;  
• The hollow echoes from the hills,  
The waking of the mountain rills,  
    Of Spring's glad coming speak.

The dripping eaves, the blackened lines  
    That mark the beaten way,  
Innumerable streams that flow  
In zigzag channels through the snow,  
    And o'er the foot-paths stray.

Old chanticler's shrill clarion  
    That wakes the morning air,

The softened glow that lights the west  
When fading sunbeams sink to rest,  
Tell us of days more fair.

Of days when singing birds shall come,  
And zephyr's call shall bring  
The hyacinth and primrose bloom,  
And sweet blue violet's perfume,  
To welcome back the Spring.





## MAY.

THE dew upon the daisies,  
The buds on spray and bough,  
The robin seeking insects  
In the furrows of the plow.

The snowy cherry-blossoms,  
The crimson-flowered vine,  
That wreathes its glowing colors  
With the twining dark woodbine.

The purple clustered lilacs,  
The murmur of the bee,  
The fragrant lily of the vale,  
Speak, lovely Spring! of thee.

The tiny streamlet gliding  
    Along its sunny way,  
The incense-breathing flowers  
    That deck the brow of May.

The tinkle of the rain-drops  
    Upon the sloping roof,  
The nest beneath the shadow  
    Of the maple's leafy woof.

The group of merry children  
    Beside the cottage door,  
Rejoice that butterflies have come,  
    And winter is no more.

The little happy faces,  
    The joyous shouts that ring,  
All join the swelling chorus  
    That welcomes thee, O Spring !



## SEPTEMBER.

THE apple-boughs are drooping  
With their wealth of red and gold,  
Where the sunshine and the shadows  
Weave a network on the mould ;  
The glow of early autumn  
Has purpled o'er the hills,  
And a dewy mist is veiling  
The river and the rills.

The humming-bird and blue-bird  
With the wren have flown away,  
And the robin only lingers  
While the bending branches sway,

With their weight of crimson clusters,  
Where the mountain ashes grow,  
And the elderberries ripen  
On the sunny slope below.

The yellow grain is gathered,  
And the maize its countless ears  
O'er all the plain is shooting up,  
Like stacks of golden spears ;  
From barn to barn is echoed  
The sound of the busy flail,  
And from the distant fields is heard  
The cry of the lonely quail.

The chestnut boughs are studded  
With the thickly bristling burrs,  
And dying maple leaves float down,  
With the lightest breeze that stirs ;  
The purple deepens daily,  
As the grapes swell on the vine,  
And with scarlet-bloom and gentians,  
The woods and brooksides shine.

And other fruits have ripened  
With the summer's waning sun,  
Where, day-by-day, God's husbandmen  
Their work have nobly done ;  
Countless golden sheaves are garnered  
In the great barns of the sky,  
Waiting for the Master's summons  
To the " Harvest Home " on high.





## NOVEMBER.

THE flowers are gone from the mountains,  
Their fragrance is lost in the vale,  
Now hushed is the play of the fountain,  
And withered leaves float on the gale.

The rose by the river is faded,  
They've garnered the bright golden grain,  
The bloom of fair summer is shaded,  
And chill falls the drear autumn rain.

Brown nuts in the forest are falling,  
Red apples lie heaped near the mills,  
The bleak northern wind is now calling  
Through lone vales and o'er the bare hills.



Soon snow-wreaths of winter will cover  
With beautiful garment the plain,  
But from those sad days we shall ever  
Look for the sweet summer again.

Not so in the heart's sad December;  
When hope's cherished flowers are gone,  
No spring comes, we only remember  
The beautiful past that has flown.





## THE SEASONS.

How beautiful is springtime,  
    When gold-green feathery shoots  
Veil, with a beauty all their own,  
    Old mosses' matted roots ;  
When pearly snowdrops gem the sod,  
    And young grass lines the way,  
While fragrant fruit-trees' radiant bloom  
    Gleams bright on every spray.

How beautiful is summer,  
    With the birds' wild burst of song,  
The insects' hum, the summer sounds,  
    That lure the hours along.

She scatters roses at our feet,  
And gold among the grain ;  
She gathers odors on the breeze,  
And sunshine to the plain.

How beautiful is autumn,  
With its gorgeous tinted leaves,  
Its crimson apples heaped in mounds,  
Its gathered golden sheaves,  
Its purple grapes, its falling nuts,  
Its short grass crisp and brown,  
Its mellow light, while summer sounds  
Grow silent one by one.

But winter with its ice-bound rills—  
Earth 'neath its funeral pall—  
Winter is to the trusting heart  
Most beautiful of all ;  
For looking up through leafless trees,  
We see in heaven's deep blue,  
As we could never see till now  
The bright stars shining through.



## H O M E W A R D .

IT may be where calm waters sleep  
    Beneath the quiet sky,  
With many an island green and fair,  
And many a star reflected there,  
    Thy bark glides smoothly by.

It may be where the crested waves  
    Fling back the beaded spray,  
Where sunken rocks on every side  
Lie hid beneath the foaming tide,  
    Along the dreary way.

It may be where wild tempests rave,  
    And surging billows roar,

While deepest blackness hides the hand  
That guides thy vessel to the strand  
And brings thee safe to shore.

“So,” whether on the sunlit lake,  
Or on the stormy main,  
Yet even so, He bringeth thee  
Safe to the port where thou wouldst be,  
The haven thou wouldst gain.





## ADVENT.

HE cometh ! on the eastern hills  
Breaks the graylight of morn,  
And from the far off mountain, sounds  
Of chariot wheels are borne.

Uncertain, low, and distant, yet  
They not less truly tell  
How far the night is spent, how soon  
The trumpet's call may swell.

Long was the night, six thousand years,  
Darkened with sin and woe,  
Since angels sang in songs of praise  
A perfect world below.

He cometh ! still the waiting Church  
Her Advent vigils keep,  
Lest, coming suddenly, He find  
The sentinels asleep.

He cometh ! when, we may not know,  
Yet watch we year by year,  
The fading stars whose lessening glow  
Tells us the day is near.





## LENT.

Now turn we from the joyful song  
That waked our Christmas morn  
When angels brought to earth the news,  
“The Saviour, Christ, is born.”

Turn we to the lone wilderness,  
On the steep mountain side,  
Where vainly on the Lord of life  
The tempter's arts were tried.

“The fairest kingdoms of the earth,”  
“Ambition's highest tower,”  
The answer, “It is written,” thrice  
Defied the tempter's power.



Turn we to search our hearts and find,  
Hidden and cherished there,  
Some sin that only goeth out  
By fasting and by prayer.

Turn we to Him who in His wrath  
Remembers mercy still,  
And who with penitential joy,  
The contrite heart can fill.

Turn we in deep humility,  
To mourn and fast and pray,  
That His fierce anger may be stayed,  
His judgments turned away.

O! lead us to the mount apart,  
Where Faith's clear eye may see  
The glory of thy presence, Lord.  
As did the favored three.



## L E N T.

ONCE more our Holy Mother Church  
Calls us to fast and pray—  
To leave the flower-bordered path,  
The pleasant, sunny way,

And walk awhile with her apart  
Where Lenten shadows lie,  
And trace the Master's steps along  
The road to Calvary.

Gladly we followed her in feast,  
And joyous festive days,  
When Easter morn and Whitsun-tide  
Awoke our songs of praise.

We listened to the merry chime  
 When Christmas bells were rung,  
 And heard, beneath the cedar boughs,  
 The Christmas carols sung.

We watched with her the light that beamed  
 On Gentile lands afar,  
 When eastern Magii first beheld  
 The glory of that star.

And still we follow where she leads,  
 Where holy men of yore,  
 Apostles, martyrs, saints, have walked  
 Whose earthly work is o'er.

And now in sorrow, as in joy,  
 She gathers home her own,  
 For only they who bear the cross  
 Can ever wear the crown.



## E A S T E R .

HE is not here ! the silent gloom  
That gathers now in Joseph's tomb  
Shrouds not the crucified ;  
Ye seek in vain for him who said :  
“ Only three days among the dead  
“ The Son of Man shall bide ! ”

The Lord is risen ; now no more  
The thronging crowd on Jordan's shore  
Shall listen to His word ;  
No more in lone Gethsemane,  
Or on thy blue waves, Galilee,  
That gracious voice be heard.

Impotent now, the swelling tide  
Of blinded zeal and Jewish pride  
That still refuse to own  
In the meek, lowly Nazarene  
Of gentle voice and humble mien,  
King David's royal son.

The dawn of that first Easter Day  
Saw angels roll the stone away  
And our Redeemer rise ;  
Soon the last Easter morn shall break,  
And all his ransomed ones awake,  
To dwell in Paradise.





## WHEN THE DEAD RISE.

O! WHO can picture the wondrous sight  
Where the dead in CHRIST shall rise  
And hasten forth from their long, long sleep,  
When He cometh from the skies?  
When the sea shall bring from its slimy depths  
The forms it so long has hid,  
And the churchyard bones will stir to life  
'Neath the crumbling coffin-lid?

Then up from chancel, abbey and aisle,  
Shall bishop and baron spring,  
And the dust that has slept a thousand years  
In the catacombs, shall sing.

The mother will fold in her arms the babe  
That was hers for a little time,  
And the father will meet the son who went down  
To the grave in manhood's prime.

The ashes that lie beneath these sods,  
Shall then change into living men,  
And the parted hands which the priest had  
joined,  
Will meet and clasp again.  
The bitterest grief that earth can give  
Shall then at last be healed  
For the MOTHER will smile on her orphaned ones  
When they wake in the burial-field.

O! the wondrous sight in that blessed day,  
When CHRIST's redeemed shall rise  
With glorified bodies to meet their Lord  
When He cometh from the skies.

That last great day when the Lord will come,  
Shall a day thrice blessed be,  
For these waiting eyes will then behold  
The Saviour who died for me.







## THE REST THAT RE- MAINETH.

THERE is no spot so passing fair  
In all earth's vine-wreathed bowers,  
That sin's dark shadow may not fall  
O'er all its beauty, as the pall  
Shuts some dear face from ours.

Only in yonder world above,  
No mourner's sigh is heard ;  
Sin lurks not there with poisoned breath,  
No cold, dark grave is there, no death,  
Nor any parting word.

No withered leaves, no fading flower,  
No sunset's dying glow,

No evening shades, no midnight gloom,  
In that bright land beyond the tomb,  
As in this world below.

No sunken cheek, no furrowed brow,  
No aching heart is there,  
No form bowed down with grief and years,  
No pale, sad eye grown dim with tears,  
No sorrow-laden prayer.

There, only there, is perfect peace,  
There only, rest for those  
Who, weary with the toils of life,  
Its ceaseless cares, and endless strife,  
Endure unto the close.





## BAPTISM.

PUT all thy armor on,  
For thou wilt need it now,  
Before thee is the crown,  
The cross is on thy brow.

Take up the burnished shield,  
The breastplate and the sword,  
To serve thee in the field,  
Sworn soldier of thy Lord.

Neglect not to be shod  
With words of Gospel peace;  
Rough is the narrow road,  
And thorny till it cease.

Pray for strength from on high,  
Still striving, pressing on,  
Nor lay thine armor by,  
Until the crown be won.





## CONFIRMATION.

MAY 24, 1871.

“THE Lord is my Shepherd,” ’twas so they sang,  
And one by one arose  
The sheep who had strayed from that Shepherd’s  
fold  
And wandered among His foes.

“The Lord is my Shepherd,” the lambs came too,  
For they knew His loving care  
Had guarded their brief young lives thus far,  
And they came to confess Him there.

And they all knelt down where the holy Dove  
Abides in the temple here,  
And asked for the spirit of counsel, and strength,  
And knowledge, and holy fear.

Then a voice, so gentle it almost seemed  
The Shepherd's very own,  
Prayed, "Ever, Lord, defend Thy child,"  
And blessed them every one.

Then they all went forth on their different ways,  
While echoed, the aisles along,  
"The Lord is my Shepherd, my shield and strength,  
My salvation and my song."

May He be their song all their days on earth,  
Till they say with their latest breath,  
"The Lord is my Shepherd, He leadeth me now  
Through the valley and shadow of death."





AT EVENING TIME IT  
SHALL BE LIGHT.

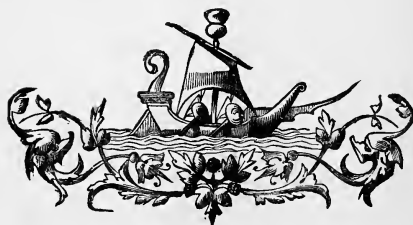
ZECH. XIV. 7.

HAST ever seen at morn  
Cloud after cloud arise,  
Until one leaden hue  
Was spread o'er all the skies?

Hast watched the ceaseless storm  
Throughout the weary day,  
While through the mist and gloom  
Came not one cheering ray?

Hast watched, through wind and rain  
And clouds, the coming night,  
Till in the west has glowed  
A sudden blaze of light?

So life may be all dark,  
While storms and clouds betide,  
Yet HE has said, "It shall  
Be light at evening tide."







## CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain  
Thy glorious majesty ;  
And yet a temple made with hands,  
We build, O Lord, for thee.

Oh ! let Thy never-sleeping eye  
Be open day and night  
Toward this place, and let its walls  
Be precious in thy sight.

When famine, pestilence, or drouth,  
Or enemies invade,  
And in this place Thy people pray,  
Hear, Lord, and lend them aid.

When here they bring their children, Lord,  
To shelter in Thy fold,  
Receive and bless them as Thou didst  
Those little ones of old.

When here, the bridegroom and the bride  
Make solemn vows to Thee,  
Be present, Lord, as thou wast with  
That pair in Galilee.

When here they bring the confined dust  
With bitter grief and pain,  
Be theirs the promise Martha heard,  
"Thy dead shall rise again."

And hear, when in this house they meet,  
To mourn, and fast, and pray,  
That for our great high-priest's dear sake,  
Thy wrath may turn away.

Grant, Lord, that when Thy sacred word  
Is spoken in this place,  
All those who hear may feel its truth  
And triumph in Thy grace.

And hearken when their songs of praise  
Their grateful thanks proclaim,  
And let this be Thy dwelling place,  
Where Thou wilt write Thy name.





## OUR FATHER.

WHERE through the lofty arches ring  
The swelling organ's tone,  
While hundreds in the grand old church  
Kneel at the mercy throne.

Where some more humble temple tells  
Of hope beyond the tomb,  
Or where but two or three are met  
In some small upper room.

Whene'er from contrite hearts ascends  
The incense-breath of prayer,  
First, as our blessed Saviour taught,  
Our Father's name is there.

It trembles on the lips of age  
Whose hold of earth is gone,  
Who feels, but for that Father's love,  
Forsaken and alone.

'Tis whispered where that little group  
Of weeping mourners bend  
To Him who hears the fatherless,  
And is the widow's friend.

In broken accents childhood lisps  
With its first prayer, His name,  
To whom in humble faith we come  
A Father's care to claim.

Where bright baptismal waters flow,  
Or wedding guests are met,  
Or where on some pale sufferer's brow  
The seal of death is set.

Where'er our holy Church is found,  
She bids her children say—  
As once the Master bade the twelve—  
“Our Father,” when they pray.





## WHERE ARE THE NINE?

LUKE, XVII. 17.

WHEN sweet church bells with solemn chime  
    Bid to the house of prayer,  
How few from out the great world come  
    To seek a blessing there ;  
How few will hear the Saviour's call,  
    Or heed His voice divine,  
And when but two or three are met  
    He asks, " Where are the nine ? "

When humbly kneeling at the font  
    Repenting sinners bend,

And in His own appointed way  
    Seek Jesus for their friend,  
How many turn their steps aside  
    Nor heed the sacred shrine,  
He asks who shed His precious blood  
    For all, "Where are the nine?"

When holy hands in prayer are laid  
    On those sworn soldiers true,  
Who come, their early vows to pay,  
    Their promise to renew,  
All are not there upon whose brows  
    Was sealed the sacred sign;  
In the dark wilderness of sin  
    Still stray the thankless nine.

When at the table of their Lord  
    Adoring Christians meet,  
Where are all those who should have come  
    To worship at His feet?



And when at last the Lord of life  
Shall in full glory shine,  
And call His faithful children home,  
O ! where will be the nine ?





## IT MUST NEEDS BE.

ALTHOUGH the bitter cup  
Is brimming o'er with woe,  
And through the dark'ning sorrow-cloud,  
No ray of light may glow,

The great All-Father sees  
That so "it must needs be,"  
He knows the rough and thorny road,  
The safest path for thee.

Is it some narrow mound,  
Just heaped above the heart  
So dear, so loved, it almost seemed  
Of thy own life a part?

Or deeper still the wound,  
Coldly has turned away  
Some cherished one with whom is gone  
The sunshine of thy day?

There was a "must needs be,"  
Lest to an earthly one  
We give the worship of a heart  
Should be the Lord's alone.

Or is it thine to bear  
Disease and slow decay,  
While sleepless nights, and days of pain,  
Pass wearily away?

Yet so "it must needs be,"  
Here firmly let us rest,  
He does not send one needless pang  
To any human breast.



## STARLIGHT.

NOT when morning light is breaking  
Over river, hill, and plain,  
And the woodland echoes answer  
To the song-bird's sweetest strain.

Not while noonday's glowing sunlight  
Makes our pathway bright and fair,  
And the fragrance of the flowers  
Perfumes all the summer air.

Not until the evening shadows  
Deepen in the midnight sky,  
Do we see the silver brightness  
Of the shining stars on high.

So in life's bright day of gladness,  
We see not hope's pale starlight,  
Those sweet words of holy promise  
Only come in sorrow's night.





## ACROSS THE RIVER.

ACROSS yon river's shining waves,  
I've watched the golden light,  
That slumbers on the purple hills  
And on the mountain's height.

Full well I know beyond those hills  
A fairer city lies—  
With towers, minarets, and walls—  
Than ever met mine eyes.

My thoughts were wont to linger there,  
For on that other side,  
Dwelt many friends, who long ago  
Had crossed the swelling tide.

But now I feel an interest there  
I never felt before,  
For all that made life beautiful  
Is on that farther shore.

The jeweled links that bound me here  
Have fallen one by one,  
And now the chain is worthless quite,  
The precious clasp is gone.

Fain would I climb the distant hills  
Which hide that city fair,  
For all my treasure, all my hope,  
And all my heart is there.





## THE WIDOW OF SAREPTA.

NOT to the rich who had much goods  
Laid up for many years,  
Not unto those for whom the drouth  
And famine had no fears ;

But to the widow's lowly home,  
Of poor and humble name,  
According to the Lord's command,  
Of old the prophet came.

Gladly she ran to fetch a cup  
Of water from the rill,  
That once had been a broad, deep stream,  
Beneath the vine-clad hill.



But when he bade her dress for him  
Her scanty store of food,  
What wonder if the widow paused,  
And half reluctant stood.

She looked abroad, the smiling fields  
Where once the bending grain  
Ripened beneath the summer's sun,  
Were now a barren plain.

Oft had she gleaned the purple grapes  
On yonder hillside fair,  
But now the vineyard was laid waste,  
The brown hill parched and bare.

No longer springs the tender grass  
Where once whole herds were fed ;  
Where, then, in all this dreary land,  
Should she find daily bread ?

“ Thus saith the Lord, until the earth  
Shall teem with life again,  
Thou shalt not lack for corn or oil,  
Thy household to sustain.”

O for that widow's trusting faith,  
To help the poor distressed,  
Well knowing what we give will bring  
A blessing on the rest.





## LINES.

THE SUN WAS RISEN UPON THE EARTH WHEN LOT ENTERED INTO  
ZOAR.—GENESIS XIX. 23.

FORTH from their home, ere yet the mist  
Had climbed the mountain's side,  
Ere yet upon the folded flowers  
The last night's dew had dried,

Nor might they give one backward glance,  
Or linger in the plain,  
Where on their kindred and their home  
Fast fell the fiery rain.

With hast'ning steps and aching hearts  
Up the steep way they fled ;  
While all that made life beautiful  
Lay ruined, crushed, and dead.

And yet the shining river sang  
And rippled on its way,  
And birds and bees woke with the dawn  
That brightened into day.

And sunrise with its golden beams  
Gave to the earth new life;  
And with the hum of summer sounds  
The fragrant air was rife.

Thus in our saddest, darkest days,  
The sunshine gleams as bright  
As if there were no stricken hearts  
Shrouded in sorrow's night.





## WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Is it within the gates of pearl  
To walk the golden street?  
Is it beside the stream of life  
Death-severed friends to meet?

Is it to wear a martyr's crown?  
To share a judge's throne?  
To have a new name graven by God  
Upon a pure white stone?

With David, Noah, Daniel, Job,  
And faithful Abraham,  
And Mary, Lazarus, and John,  
Beloved of the Lamb,

To sing the song of Seraphim ?  
To strike an angel's lyre ?  
To hear the Master's welcome voice  
Bidding us "go up higher" ?

To be forever free from sin  
And sorrow, with the blest,  
Where pain and death come not, and where  
The weary are at rest ?

Is it among the saints to wear  
A robe of spotless white ?  
To dwell in that bright world of day—  
A day that has no night ?

All this were bliss beyond compute,  
The glorious gift of Grace,  
But, oh ! the joy of heaven is this—  
That "we shall see HIS face."



TO REV. DR. VAN DEUSEN.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

BELOVED friend, in this sad hour  
We too, though far away,  
Mingle our tears and prayers with theirs  
Who for their Pastor pray.  
And we may weep—the Master wept—  
For human hearts are flesh,  
And wounds, however kindly given,  
Will bleed when they are fresh.

I know the hope beyond the grave  
Is all the mourner's stay,  
Yet well I know that sympathy  
Cheers somewhat the dark day ;

Never forgetful of the time  
When we, too, felt the smart,  
And that dear Pastor's words were balm  
To the torn bleeding heart.

We pray the blessed Comforter  
To lighten day by day  
The heavy cloud that darkens now  
Our honored Pastor's way,  
Until on that bright "other side,"  
Each severed link and strand,  
In reunited order makes  
One whole unbroken band.







## GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD.

WE may not idle, for, alas!

The laborers are few ;

The Master bids us work to-day,

And there is much to do.

To speak kind words to those who faint

Beside the narrow way,

To bring back those whose erring feet

Have wandered far astray.

To weep with those whose stricken hearts

Are of all joy bereft,

To comfort those to whom no hope

Save that of heaven is left.

To pray for those who never pray,  
To watch our hearts with care,  
Lest in an evil hour the thief  
May find an entrance there.

O think not they alone are called,  
Who preach the sacred word,  
There's work enough for all who seek  
To labor for the Lord.





## A LITTLE WHILE.

ONLY a little while,  
To bear this heavy load;  
Only a little while,  
To tread this weary road.

A little while to strive  
With sorrow, sin, and loss;  
Unmurm'ring to endure  
Our heaven-appointed cross.

Submissively to bow  
Beneath the chast'ning rod,  
And follow day by day  
The steps our Saviour trod.

A little while to wait,  
In His good time and way  
The night of grief will end  
In everlasting day.





## BEREAVEMENT.

AH! who may whisper words of cheer  
Where all the light of life is gone :  
Words that sound cold and harsh to those  
Who listen for one voice alone.

Our aching hearts, our streaming tears,  
Are vain to soothe their grief and pain,  
And all our sympathy and love  
Cannot bring back the lost again.

O Thou All-wise, whose chast'ning hand  
Has laid their treasure in the dust,  
Speak comfort to that mourning band,  
In Thee, O Lord, alone they trust.

Almighty Father, it is Thine  
Alone to bid their sorrows cease ;  
Lift up Thy countenance on them,  
O Gracious God, and give them peace.





## LAST YEAR'S ALMANAC.

IT was tossed aside with a careless fling,  
When the old year had passed away,  
Unheeded its record of shine and shade  
That brightened or saddened each day.

And yet hath it many a tale to tell  
Of hope, of joy, and of sorrow,  
Of many a clouded and sad to-day,  
With a rainbow-hued to-morrow.

It tells of a day when a bridal wreath  
Had been twined for a fair young brow,  
When, hand clasping hand, two loving hearts  
Had been joined in a holy vow.

It tells of a day when a widow's tears  
Fell like rain o'er the lifeless clay  
Of her only son, whose strong young arm  
Should have been her prop and stay.

It tells of a day when a strange, sweet sound  
In the quiet old house was heard,  
When the faint, weak cry of that young new  
voice  
The heart's deepest feelings had stirred.

It tells of a day when the harvest was done,  
And they reckoned the yield of the land,  
And grain and the fruit of the plentiful year,  
For the Lord has withheld not His hand.

It tells of a day when the busy hands  
Of the mother lay folded in rest,  
When the sheltering love of her tender heart  
Had been torn from the sweet home-nest.



And it tells of many a weary watch  
By the bedside where death hovered near;  
It tells of glad meetings, and partings sad,  
That scroll of the just dead year.

And yet you will find, if you only read  
Its true record of days aright,  
In the hours that made up the year that is gone  
There wasn't more darkness than light.





## NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

WHAT shall I choose for a New Year's gift  
To my very dearest friend?  
I find but one thing in all this town,  
That is good enough to send.

And that is a cluster of blossoms bright,  
A rose, and a lily's bell,  
A violet sweet, an evergreen wreath,  
And forget-me-not to tell,

In the mystic language of flowery love,  
The words that my heart would say ;  
But I cannot trust such delicate things  
To the chill of this wintry day.

Then what shall I send to my dearest friend,  
To tell how truly I wish  
Her a year brimful of happiness—  
I will send her a loving kiss.





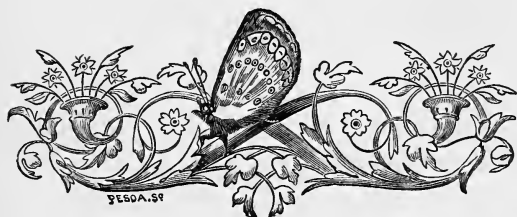
## RECALL.

COME back ! since thou art gone the sun  
Shines with but half its glory,  
And without thee I find no charm  
In picture, song, or story.

Come back ! the fragrance and the bloom  
Is half gone from the flowers,  
And without thee, how slowly creep  
The leaden-footed hours.

Come back ! the house is desolate,  
The silent rooms are lonely,  
I miss the charm that lingers in  
Thy gentle presence only.

Come back ! thy absence strips my life  
Of beauty, grace, and lustre,  
For O ! so much that makes that life  
A joy, about thee clusters.





## TO A FRIEND.

SAWNEY, your verses made me cantie,  
Ye roose me routh, an' I am vauntie.

Sae, ye "ken na my face," och-on, och-rie!  
That I should live to see the day

Ye'd grown sae great wi' news-folk, Sawney,  
Ye wad forget your lang syne crony.

Hae ye forgotten Tullochgorum?  
Where dwelled a squire o' the quorum?

Ye mind Jock Dunn, wha, was precentor  
In Abernethy kirk ae winter?

Ye ken Kate Stewart, an' John M'Nab,  
Ye canna hae forgot daft Rab?

Where Liunac water tumblin' fa's  
Near Rothemurchus ancient wa's.

- And Jean Ross, wha's true love was drowned  
Aboon the ford in Frazer's pond :

Fair Jean was for the bridal dressed,  
Ca'd was ilk friend an' wedding-guest.

The parson came in bands an' gown,  
But Tam came not, an' time wore on.

Puir tremblin' Jean breathed mony a prayer,  
She kenned death only kept Tam fra her.

O how her waefu' heart was torn,  
When through the yett his corse was borne ;

A parcel was clutched in his grasp,  
Which his twa death-cauld hands did clasp,

His braw new wedding claes were there,  
A ribbon bright, for Jeanie's hair,

A wee bit casket, too, did hold  
The wedding-ring o' shining gold.

Sawney, has na that auld tale brought  
Back to your mind sic swirls o' thought,

Ye couldna, if ye wad, forget  
A' that is worth remembering yet?

Then, Sawney, speir through memory's glen,  
Ye'll aiblins find your lang syne friend.





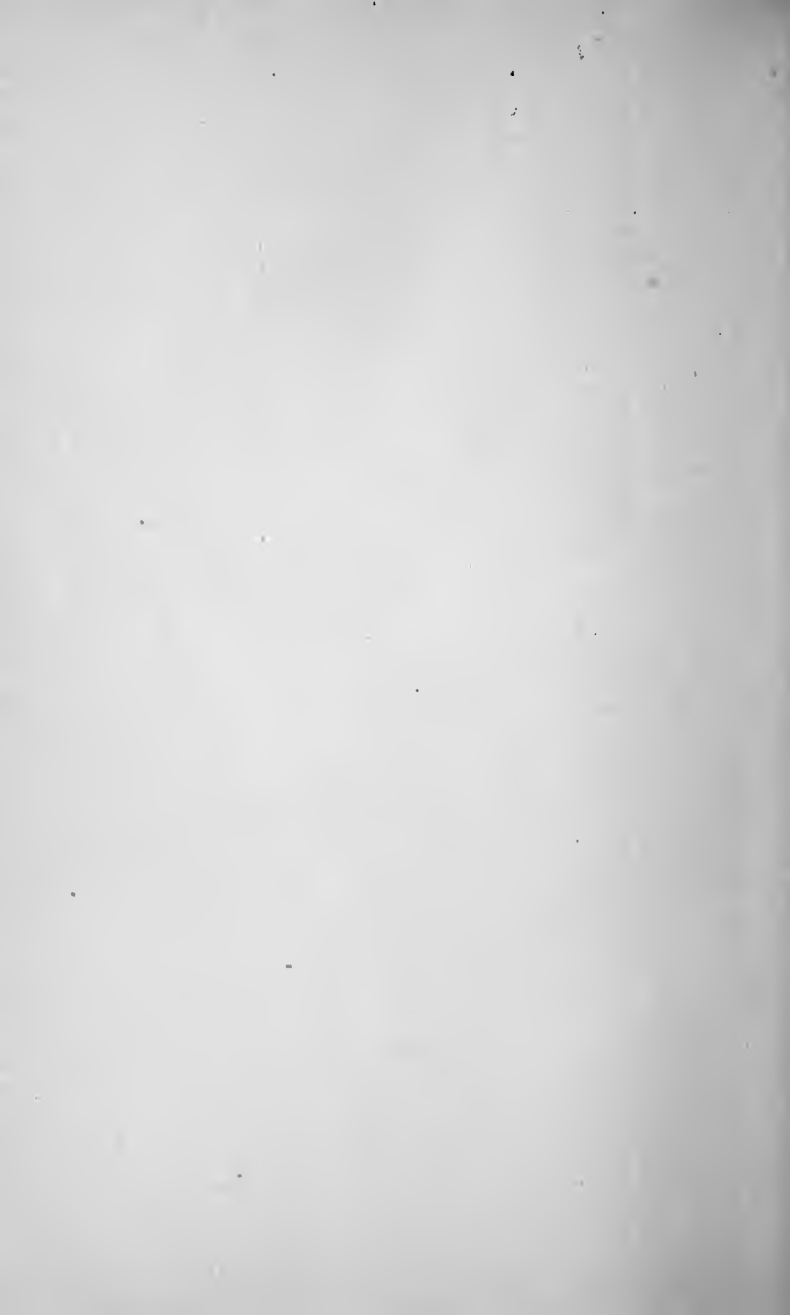
## LINES.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG FRIEND'S ALBUM.

AMONG the pleasures and the joys  
Your future may unfold,  
This blessing I would ask for you,  
When youth's bright days are told,  
That you may have one faithful friend  
To love you when you're old.

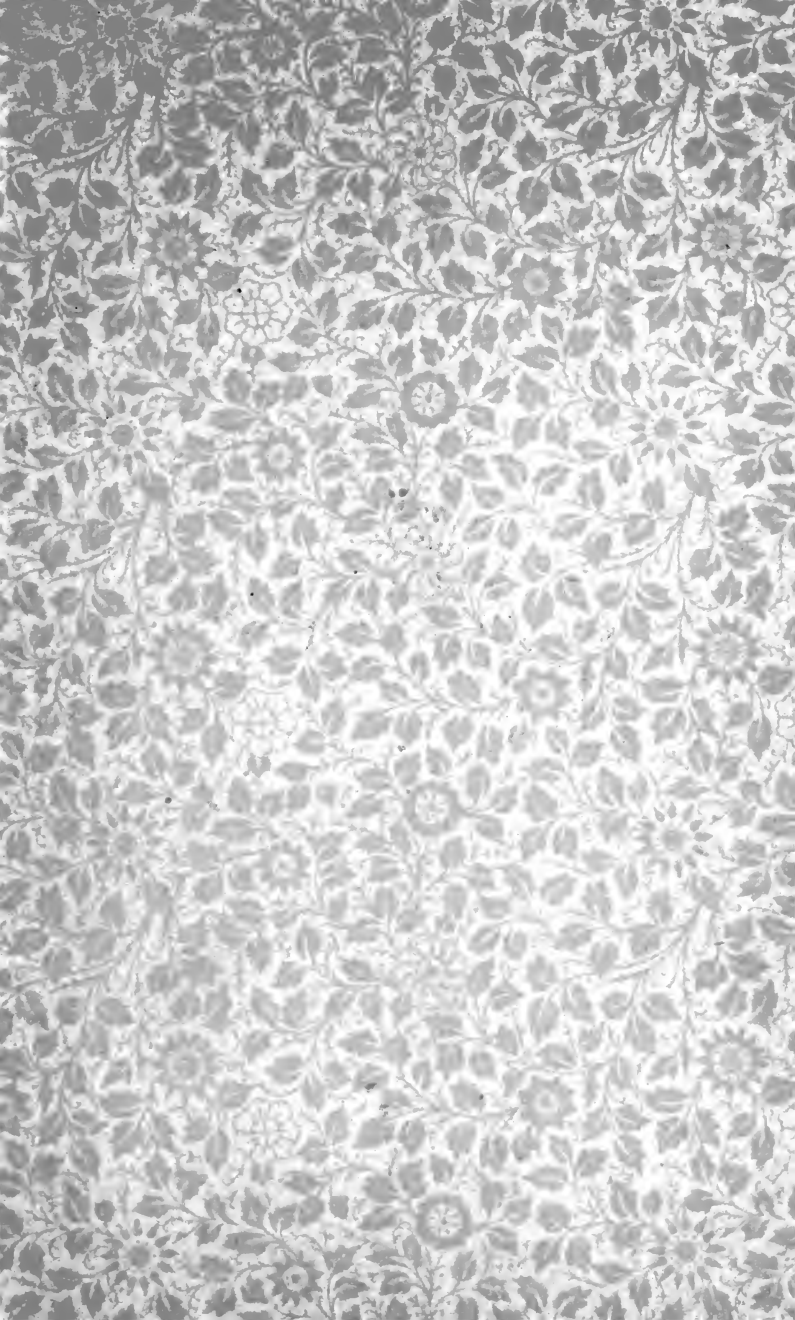












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